



LIVERPOOL

NEWSLETTER

"Les Cretiens Ont Raison, Les Païens Ont Tort" (Chanson de Roland).



C. H. Douglas

LIVERPOOL NEWSLETTER

ISSN 0047-4827

In this issue:-

No. 415
Dec. 1994
35th Year

Editor:-
Anthony Cooney

A Social Credit Publication:
of General Interest:
for
Faith & Homeland
Liberty & Property
Honest Money & Just Prices

published by:-
The Gild of St. George
"Rose Cottage"
17 Hadassah Grove
Lark Lane
Liverpool, L17 8XH

*The Gild of St. George is an
Interested Society*

for private circulation

Social Credit & Distributism
The Conspiracy
Anti-Jewishness/Anti-Semitism
Immigration
St. George's Day Association
The Anti-Yurrop Campaign
Fluoridation
Samizdat
Local & Limited Objectives
The Irish Question

C. Le Canth

Queen of the Suburbs
Roy Kerridge

Crimethink II
A. Anderson

Literature
Geofrey Fleetwood

Music
Dermott Hy Nial

Our Flat Earth
Geofrey Fleetwood

from the Editor

Liverpool Newsletter

Liverpool Newsletter began forty years ago, as most readers will know, with a small duplicated magazine, entitled *PLATFORM* which circulated on the Pier Head, Liverpool. Devoted at first to the arts its interest spread into both Distributism and Social Credit. Over the years its policy crystalized under three headings:

"Faith & Homeland," "Liberty & Property," "Honest Money & Just Prices."

The first embraces all that belongs to a Christian Nationalism as the first line of defence of the Person. The second, the motto of Chesterton's "Distributist League" speaks for itself:— Liberty, economic and political, is founded upon private property; and the more families that have some, the better. The third summarizes the objectives of Social Credit. The first part was borrowed from the Social Credit Association known as *The Honest Money Demand Society* and the second part from Orage's *New Age*. Secure income and a stable price level alike are the foundation of *confidence (Credo)* in society and of that personal freedom which can say:

I fear no peevish master."

SOCIAL CREDIT & DISTRIBUTISM

"It is profoundly significant that what is now called 'Socialism,' and pretends to be a movement for the improvement of the underprivileged, began as something closely approaching the Distributism of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, of which the financial proposals embodied in various authentic Social Credit schemes form the practical mechanism, although developed without reference to it (Distributism.) It (Socialism) was penetrated by various subversive bodies and perverted into the exact opposite of Distributism - Collectivism. (C.H. Douglas in *"The Social Creditor"* of Jan. 16, 1943)

"The bank credit at work being about ten times the actual deposits, holds the throttle valve of the whole economic machine. It is no use attempting to restore the institution of property here in England now until we have given the small owner some power of reaction against this universal master." (Hilaire Belloc in *"An Essay on the Restoration of Property"*)

An objective of *Liverpool Newsletter* has been the synthesizing of Social Credit and Distributism, they being two policies of the same philosophy. Both are *Applied Christianity*.

The words of Douglas, above, put the matter succinctly. To Distributists we

would merely add that well distributed small property cannot survive the centralizing pressures of a monetary system in which all purchasing power originates as *DEBT* repayable at *INTEREST*. The road to peonage, whether in ancient Rome or modern Britain begins with *DEBT*. Douglas never presented the National Dividend and Discount as a panacea; something before which all the ills of Mankind would dissolve. It is unfortunately true that Social Credit (and it appears Distributism also) attracted large numbers of those who are *enthused* by simplistic explanations and remedies, such as *Esperantism, Decimalism, Vegetarianism, Tee-totalism, Smokism, Phonetic Spelling, Play-Learning, Communism, et. al.* Many saw *Social Credit*, as they imagined it to be, as the gateway to Nirvana, in which machines would do all the work and they would spend their days lounging in deck chairs. Apart from the fact that this posture results in a crippling pain in the back after a couple of hours, Douglas never *SAID* that. Indeed, in the Draft Scheme for Scotland he specified that the National Dividend would be conditional upon the acceptance of available work and forfeit by refusal of such work. The National Dividend was intended to break the Bank monopoly of credit, which Belloc correctly identified, and tip the balance from collectivism to personal liberty; to pay an income, not as patronage, but as patrimony. As the late Canon Drinkwater pointed out to Belloc (in "*Why Not End Poverty*") once men are secure in income, they will buy property. Social Credit, like Distributism, really does look forward to the dissolution of the collectivist factory system.

THE CONSPIRACY

"The objective is World Dominion. The technique is centralisation by a graded executive operating through Law and Finance. The dynamic forces are Fear and Desire" (C.H. Douglas "The Big Idea" Chap.10)

"This is a vast philosophic movement, consisting of an outer and an inner ring. You might even call the outer ring the laity and the inner ring the priesthood. (G. K., Chesterton "The Man Who Was Thursday" Chap.4)

It is a rash man who nowadays asserts that there is a Conspiracy; it is a foolish man who dismisses the evidence. In a sense every take-over bid is a conspiracy, a Banker's conspiracy to centralize property. Ah yes! but such are different. Merely temporary, shifting, alliances with a specific objective; not a long term affair with the general objective of Power – that sort of conspiracy is the notion of cranks.

For Social Crediters the matter is simple. Either the Douglas analysis is correct, or it is fallacious. If it is correct then why have not Governments eagerly implemented the Douglas proposals? A "Conspiracy" of which the

Monopoly of Credit is the chief weapon is a *sufficient* explanation of the refusal to do so, but not a *necessary* explanation. Alexander Baron, a Social Crediter, suggests that the refusal can be accounted for by *both* the spontaneous reaction of self-interest and inertia of ideas, when bankers are presented with the Douglas analysis. ("*The Gift of Ramu*," *Infotect Manuscripts*.) Burkitt and Hutchinson note that "*This rejection of the inherent disutility of labour, with its denial of the necessary centrality of financial reward, was among the factors which rendered Douglas' writing uncongenial to mainstream economists of the inter-war period.*" (*International Journal of Social Economics*, Vol. 21, No. 1, 1994, MCB University Press, Bradford)

It has been argued that the existence of a Conspiracy is a matter for hope. If all Human effort is doomed to produce unsatisfactory results by some inexorable Law of Nature, there is nothing we can do about it. If however our best efforts are turned against us by a *Hidden Hand*, then we may hope somehow to expose its machinations and confound its knavish tricks. It is precisely here that problems arise. *Liverpool Newsletter* does not reject the conspiracy theory; it merely finds it boring. Some years ago *Scorpion* magazine examined the theory and found that over one hundred different groups stood accused, ranging from the Jews and the Jesuits at the top of the list to the London Welsh, "*The Taffia*," at the bottom. Some months ago we received a dossier of over one-hundred-and-fifty photocopied, A4 sheets, the cost of which at commercial rates would be approx. £15 the postage being over £2. It purported to be "evidence" and consisted of disconnected events around the world, with a linking "analysis." An introductory note urged that all pages should be read in sequence and none omitted. It further explained that this dossier had been sent to politicians, academics, churchmen, etc. The simple fact is that none of the recipients could have had either the time or the will to wade through this stuff, and if any had the only result would be a groan. The cost, in other words, was a waste of money. An equal or less amount would have financed an effective *Local Objective Campaign*, of which more later.

When we say that we are bored by the Conspiracy Theory, we are not doing so from a superior *soi disant* attitude. We are being realistic. The Conspiracy Theory vitiates initiative. It induces people to beat their bosoms and cry "Woe! Woe!" - and then do nothing! After all what can be done against an all-powerful, all-pervasive force which has backed every horse in the race? It may be said, "Well at least we can expose it." But the exposure, repeated with ever greater urgency, merely intensifies its vitiating effect, for how can such diabolical cunning be out-witted and how can its aims be thwarted, by a few dozen men armed with nothing more lethal than ball point pens and whose entire commissariate is a pocketful of leaflets? If the Conspiracy did not exist it would be necessary for the Conspirators to invent (and publicise) it!

Belloc pointed out that whilst a man armed with only shears cannot cut down the capitalist tree, he can shear off the leaves, and – "If you cut enough leaves off a tree the tree dies;" (*An Essay on the Restoration of Property, Part 3*) The way – and it is the only way – open to us for attacking the Conspiracy, if it exists, is the Little Way, the *Local Objective Campaign* devised by Douglas (*The Tragedy of Human Effort*) or its L.N.L. adaptation, the *Limited Objective Campaign*. The strategy is to determine what particular development is undesirable (in Conspiracy Theory terms, what "they" are up to) and oppose it. There is no need to "expose the Conspiracy" to launch a local "Anti-Fluoridation Committee" or an "Abstain Campaign" in Yurrophart elections. Indeed it would be counter-productive, requiring that time and resources be devoted to convincing sceptical people before actually getting them to join in the work. It needs hardly be said that a "Committee to defeat the World Conspiracy" is simply ludicrous!

There is one other aspect of the Conspiracy Theory to look at. Will it ever be successful? It has been an unconscionable time about achieving its objectives. From the time of Solomon, the Knights Templars, the French Revolution? Will the Conspirators ever tear off the mask and cry "Ha! Ha! Victory?" So far as the type of Conspiracy buff we hide round the corner from is concerned, the answer is No! No more than a Communist State will ever announce that "Communism is achieved." No more than another being will, like the Prince Shin Gautama, ever achieve Nirvana whilst still on the human plane. Such things are "ends achieved" after which there is nothing left to do but sing "*Auld Lang Syne*" and all go home. They are forever in the future. The more serious student of the theory must also consider that the answer is "No!" He must take into account that if there is one conspiracy then the probability is that there are several. Success for one is a set back for another and will account for the non-achievement of victory to-date. He must also consider that such a conspiracy cannot have integrity. On the contrary it must be beset by internal power-struggles, fratricidal strife, betrayals and back-stabbing; for how can men whose lives consist of lies, cunning and duplicity ever trust one another?

+++++

The Sept-Oct, 1994 issue of *The Social Crediter* (Vol. 73 No. 5) contains an important article *Major Douglas' Proposals for a National Dividend – A Logical Successor to the Wage* by Brian Burkitt and Frances Hutchinson, of the Department of Social and Economic Studies, University of Bradford, reprinted from the *International Journal of Social Economics*, (Vol. 21, No. 1, 1994) which concludes that, with regard to contemporary concerns, "Attempts to ameliorate the system may prove less fruitful than a radical restructuring in line with the Douglas/Orage analysis." U.K. enquirers phone 31 657 4740.

ANTI-JEWISHNESS/ANTI-SEMITISM

"The Third Reich has treated its Jewish subjects with a contempt for justice which even if there had been no other action of the kind in other departments would be sufficient warranty for determining its elimination from Europe." (Hilaire Belloc In *"The Catholic and the War"* 1940)

"We are anxious not to be misunderstood. We do not believe for a single instant that the average British Jew would countenance such schemes for a single moment." (C. H. Douglas, In *"The Control and Distribution of Production"* Chap 10, Stanley Nott, 1934)

Apropos the Conspiracy Theory, Chesterton, Belloc and Douglas are frequently accused of "anti-Semitism" and the accusation is as frequently repudiated. It is unlikely the dispute can be resolved without making a distinction between "Anti-Jewishness" and "Anti-Semitism." The former may be defined as a dislike of a person simply because he is Jewish, or, more accurately, a collective dislike of Jews. Like most human motivations the sentiment is irrational and is always subject to the exceptions created by personal acquaintance. As we live in a free country (?) we are under no obligation to explain or justify our non-rational sentiments and are at liberty to dislike whom we please for whatever reason, or no reason, we please. As moral beings, however, we are not at liberty to act upon our dislikes in any unlawful or immoral manner.

Accusations of "anti-Jewishness" against Chesterton are ludicrous; he is one case where some of his best friends were Jews. One of the Solomon brothers moved to Beaconsfield to live near him; he was a life-long friend of Maurice Baring (who became a Catholic.) It would be true to say that Chesterton disliked a certain set of Jews - German Jews who had come over in the wake of the Prince Consort and aggrandized themselves by those methods of capitalism which Chesterton most opposed, but they were disliked for what they did, not for what they were. The Isaaks brothers (even after Godfrey had become a Catholic) featured in this dislike, but then so did Lloyd George.

A charge of "anti-Jewishness" must also fail against Belloc. The secretary to whom he dictated the text of *The Jews* was a Jewish girl who lived as a "daughter of the house." The only permanent friend he made during his military service in France was a Jew, to whom he sent the text of *The Jews* for comment and criticism. What is true is that Belloc was a man of strong dislikes. Though he loved France he did not like the French *en masse*. (Not an uncommon combination of sentiments!) He positively detested the Germans and Germanism. It is probable that he disliked the set of Jews prominent in Britain

at the time for their "Germanism" rather than their "Jewism." Belloc dismissed all ideas of a "Jewish Conspiracy" (or any other conspiracy) according to Speight describing Nesta Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements* as "a horrible book." What he described and warned against in *The Jews* was "Semitism," of which more anon.

In his early, technical, works, Douglas mentioned the Jews just once, and an extended quotation is appropriate:

"That estimable Journal *The Spectator*" recently started a sort of symposium on the subject of "The Jewish Peril,".....most people are no doubt familiar with the general legend.....and is constantly reappearing in the guise of the Hidden Hand stories of various descriptions" which crop up at any time of national crisis.....Like *The Spectator* we have no means of knowing how much of this idea is pure moonshine, or even whether the whole matter is a malignant stimulus to anti-Semitism." (*The Control and Distribution of Production*, Chap 10, 1934)

A first reading of his later, wartime, works would suggest that Douglas was anti-Jewish. They are sprinkled with witty sallies frequently directed against Jews in publicity and policy-making departments of Whitehall who were promoting the collectivist ideas dubbed later "The Churchill-Attlee Terror." A more careful second or third reading of the wartime papers in their proper order however reveals that Douglas was tracing a *POLICY* from its source in Berlin, through London to New York, and thence to Moscow, the objective of which was hegemony. Douglas maintains that the articulators of this policy were a group of German Jews - those indeed identified by Belloc. Further he argued that whilst it is absurd to suppose that most Jews are involved in this conspiracy, they are easily mobilized as a shield around the conspirators. How do we account for the change in Douglas' attitude? It is unlikely that the objective mind of Douglas was suddenly smitten by irrational prejudices. It is more likely that Douglas' examination of the question was prompted by the fact that the strongest opposition to Social Credit proposals originated with Jewish academics and Jewish publicists. This led him to the realization that much of the propaganda for Collectivism and the Servile State, as well as many of the most virulent attacks upon British power, culture and mores, proceeded from the same source. Which brings us to *Anti-Semitism*.

Having removed from the equation the extraneous elements of irrational dislike we can define *anti-Semitism* as "Opposition to *Semitism*." That is opposing a policy of promoting the defence, interests and advancement of Jews. As we have stated more than once, it is perfectly moral and honourable for a group to combine to promote their own Interest, provided they do not use unlawful or immoral means to do so. It is equally moral and honourable for those who discern such a policy in operation, and who discern that it is detrimental to their country's Interest, or indeed to their own, to oppose it, *provided that they*

do not use immoral or unlawful means. There are certain dangers in this stance, all the dangers in fact which lie in becoming obsessive about the "Conspiracy." The obvious one is the linking together as "clues" of all manner of disconnected events. Another is seeing entirely proper actions by Jews which are favourable to Jews, as being in some way sinister and "wicked," for example the rescue by Israel of Ethiopian Jews from famine – should they have left them to starve? We also have the peculiar view that it is somehow wrong for the Israeli Government to conduct Israel's foreign policy in a manner favourable to Israel's Interest, rather than in a manner favourable to, say, Britain's Interest. It is not the duty of the Israeli Government to look after Great Britain's Interest – that is the duty of the British Government. If the British Government is not doing so then it is our duty to see that they do so, rather than blame "the Jews" for our own idleness. Another aspect of the matter is that whilst we fume at the views and policies of the odious Kaufman or at the propaganda for immorality co-ordinated by the unspeakable "Agony Aunts" who have monopolized the "Advice columns" of the women's magazines, we remain blind to the defence of British culture and values sustained over a life-time by such Jews as "Peter Simple" – and that sort of blindness just has to be prejudice: *anti-Jewishness*, in fact.

If it be insisted that the *POLICIES* of monopoly and financial hegemony which Chesterton, Belloc and Douglas opposed were and are *SEMITISM*, then of course we must accept that they pursued a *POLICY* of *ANTI-SEMITISM*, but we repudiate any charge that they did so by unlawful or immoral means.

IMMIGRATION

" 'It is in four acts,' said Dalroy. 'Victory over barbarians. Employment of barbarians. Alliance with barbarians. Conquest by barbarians. That is the great destiny of Empire.' "

(G. K. Chesterton in "THE FLYING INN" Chapter xxiii)

"It is of the essence of Social Credit Ideas that there is an organic connection between peoples, races, and individuals, and the soils of particular portions of the earth's surface which are individualistic. The Russians are fighting, not for inter-nationalism, but for nationalism."

(C.H. Douglas in "The Big Idea")

A man might well have determined to put all notions of a Conspiracy out of his mind, the better to get down to dealing with things which need dealing with, when he is faced by the fact of Coloured Immigration and settlement. If there is anything which demands a Conspiracy Theory it is this. The leaders of all parties, of the Trades Unions and of the Civil Service have pursued, with

ruthless determination a *POLICY* of facilitating immigration and settlement. They first ignored protest and then moved to crush it. They have changed our Law, abolishing in racial matters the onus upon the Prosecution to prove intent, and therefore in this area, the supposition of innocence until proven guilty. They have set up Fascist Commissions, staffed by aliens, with powers to terrorize the native British, not only with threats of fines and imprisonment, but with the loss of livelihood and good name. If there is anything which cannot be attributed purely to ineptitude, mismanagement or stupidity, surely it is this? Why has this policy been imposed? Who has directed it through every change of Government? What is the ultimate purpose? We can only guess.

The tragedy for Great Britain was that in the absence of action from either the natural or elected leadership of the country, opposition to this plantation fell, from the start, into the hands of "The Extreme Right." From that point on the natural resistance of the People to this settlement was irretrievably tied to the policies of "National Socialism." Opposition to Immigration became the *CARRIER POLICY* of those ever splintering factions and was rendered ineffective. We say nothing against the sincerity of those factions, but it is inconceivable that anyone could even imagine that the British People would support a policy the manifestation of which they had fought against for five long years. Yet the leaders of the factions seem to have really believed that they could persuade the public that all that they had heard of Hitler were war-time lies, and that the Nazis were really a bunch of decent chaps. It seems never to have occurred to them that even supposing that they could have accomplished that impossible task, the British would still not have wanted to ape foreigners!

We first declared our opposition to immigration when we became aware of its proportions, quoting Chesterton in the December 1954 edition of "Platform" just forty years ago. Why did we oppose Immigration? Because we were Distributists. We saw this unprecedented influx as a capitalist policy to destroy our roots and complete the proletarianization of our People; a plot to create a rootless, malleable society. *Liverpool Newsletter* has never based its opposition to Coloured Immigration on the "Inferior/Superior" notion. For one thing, suppose it were proven, absolutely, that Negroes are mentally superior to Caucasians; would opposition then be unjustified? In fact it is probable that Asian immigration poses a greater threat to our cultural identity than West Indian immigration, but the Hindus, like the British, are Aryan speaking Caucasians. For another, as the late Dr. Bryan Monahan (3rd in succession to Douglas as Chairman of the S.C. Secretariat) has put it: "'Intelligence' measurements are of only slight interest..... for they are, as it were, concerned with inches of difference in the lengths of poles whose dimensions we do not know, except that they run to many feet." (*Aims of Education*),

The doctrine that "Race" is entirely a vertical division of genetic varieties of Mankind is pure materialism. Race is a spiritual reality; a psychic rhythm which differentiates. That is why settlement by, say, a million Caucasian Asians IS a different matter to settlement by a million Caucasian Europeans. Any unassimilable body *must*, even though its members are unaware of it and do not intend it, transform the cultural environment to its own needs; that is to say, become pathogenic to the host culture. After forty years is there anyone who will still deny this? Is there anyone who still remains blind to the spiritual and cultural transformation of Britain, almost any aspect of which can be traced to culture shock? The symptoms of decay are not confined to the native population. They are even more marked in the physical, moral and cultural decay of the West Indian element born here; many of whom have lost all dignity of posture, movement, speech and attire.

The tragedy today is that thanks to the intervention of those who adopted the issue as the carrier policy for their own, unacceptable, policies, it is probably now too late, except for some psychic miracle by which the planter population decides to leave en masse. We wonder if the Policy which planted them here would permit it?

THE St. GEORGE'S DAY ASS'N

"The patriot loves the Patria, but the cosmopolitan does not love the Cosmos" (G.K. Chesterton)

"We are witnesses to a succession of rear-guard actions.....a process which can only result, like all rear-guard actions, in a successive, if not successful retreat on the part of the forces attacked" (C. H. Douglas, in "SOCIAL CREDIT" Part III, Chap.3.)

It was obvious by the early 'Sixties that the enemy's most menacing offensive was on the cultural front. British culture was subject to a remorseless attack. It is probable that facilitating a "multi-cultural" (i.e. rootless society) was only part of the objective. If there had been no alien plantation the prime objective would still have been alienation and atomization of the Nation. The problem for the Resistance is that it is both cast, and has cast itself, in the role of response only. We wait for enemy attack and its built in ratchet.

The *St. George's Day Association*, (now the *Gild of St. George*) was a Liverpool Newsletter initiative, directed at getting out from behind the barbed wire. It attacked the enemy where he could not easily counter-attack without being the one wrong-footed for a change. What could he say: "To celebrate is

wrong, to love England, wicked?" It has had partial success, which might well have been greater with support from other Resistance groups. When the Association was launched St. George's Day passed by each year unnoticed. If today most people are aware of St. George's Day, florists sell out of red roses early, and many celebrate with parties, etc., and television weather programmes begin, "The outlook for St. George's Day....." that is *Liverpool Newsletter's* achievement.

THE ANTI-YURROP CAMPAIGN

"Whilst the complete self determination of the individual is obviously impossible ... the smaller the genuine political unit, the nearer we are to the self determination of the individual"

(C. H. Douglas)

"So that Lancashire merchants whenever they like
Can water the beer of a man in Klondike
Or poison the meat of a man in Bombay
And that is the meaning of Empire Day"

* Nowadays read "Europe Day."

(G. K. Chesterton, "Songs of Education" "Il Geography" "Collected Poems")

The part played by *Liverpool Newsletter*, both locally and through its readers, nationally, has been detailed in the June, 1994 issue, and we will not go over it again. However it may be useful to look at the reasons for our opposition.

The nation is the "smallest *genuine* political unit" of Western civilization. It is of no moment for us that the city was the genuine unit of Graeco-Roman civilization, except perhaps to draw a lesson from the fact that that civilization's major problems began when by a legal fantasy the entire population of the Empire became Roman citizens. In effect Rome attempted to replace the smallest genuine political unit of its culture, and inevitably paid the price in the corruption, decay and vitiation of collectivized power.

The *European Union* is a collectivist attempt to replace the nation, the genuine political unit, by centralized power. As such it is a transfer to the centre, not only of National power but of individual freedom. Chesterton's *Napoleon of Notting Hill* is his manifesto of Political Distributism, as the *Outline of Sanity* is his manifesto of Economic Distributism. If the individual is to have the maximum of freedom, Chesterton is saying, Power must be vested in the smallest genuine political unit. Notting Hill destroys itself by seeking to become an Empire; those whom it has taught liberty unite against it

when it becomes the enemy of liberty. As Distributists we oppose the E.U. as we oppose all Monopoly. As Social Creditists we recognize that the E.U. is an attempt to spread the "B" element of costs, which is approximately equal to the short fall in purchasing power, over a wider area, so disguising, if not eliminating, the "internal contradiction of capitalism" which is both the creation and the mainstay of the Monopoly of Credit.

BELLING THE CAT

"Freedom is the ability to choose, or refuse, one thing at a time" (C.H. Douglas)

"Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human liberty. It is the argument of tyrants and the creed of slaves." (William Pitt, Earl of Chatham)

One of the most successful of *Liverpool Newsletter's* campaigns was that against fluoridation. The battle was waged throughout the 'Sixties under the banner of *The Merseyside Pure Water Association* in close collaboration with Mrs. Winifred Sykes of the *National Pure Water Association* and Mr. Clavell Blount of the *Anti-fluoridation Campaign*. We brought together not only members of both of those organizations but many others whose affiliations covered a spectrum from the *Labour Party* to the *League of Empire Loyalists*. Our opposition to fluoridation was based firmly upon the principle that fluoridation is mass medication; that it is a claim by a public authority to have the *RIGHT* to medicate people *en masse*, against the stated objections of some and in spite of the expressed fears of others. The concession of such a *Right* to a local authority establishes a Precedent in English Law which we saw as dangerous, even sinister. This case against fluoridation stands whether or not it is eventually proven that fluoridation has no harmful effects and has all the beneficial effects claimed for it. In this campaign we applied Social Credit principles. *POLICY* is the domain of the individual. Dispute over the "safety" of fluoridation we saw as a dangerous red herring. Probably not one in ten-thousand people has any qualifications to determine which side of the argument is right, and the balance of credibility must always rest on the side of the public authority's "experts." On the other hand sovereignty of *POLICY* – in this case what medicine I will or will not take, rests wholly, entirely and properly with the individual. We were successful in having fluoridation rejected by every local council on Merseyside, however often the fluoridation lobby brought the matter up. The seeds sown then have continued to bear fruit in a determined opposition to fluoridation whenever it has been proposed.

SAMIZDAT

"Control of the press and control of Finance are concentric" (C. H. Douglas)

"I always preach to the converted, because it is the converted who do not know their own religion" (G. K., Chesterton)

From its early days *Liverpool Newsletter* published information and comment upon "Publications received." This information was extended to *ad hoc* groups which presented themselves to the public. Eventually it was grouped under the heading *The Permanent Plebiscite*, a title copied from an Argentinian patriot, Alberto Runge. In his 'seventies Sr. Runge was, in his own words, "Taken to the calaboose and told that he could think what he liked about the Government, but would not be permitted to say it." He began therefore to circulate, first around Argentina, and then around the world, appropriate leaflets and pamphlets which came his way, without "saying" anything himself. He died a few months after President Peron returned after winning two general elections from exile.

In the mid-Seventies Tony Anderson proposed a new strategy for *Liverpool Newsletter*, namely that it should promote the idea amongst its readers of volunteering to edit club, parish, society, etc., bulletins, incorporating in them snippets of news and views from *Liverpool Newsletter*. In this way a *SAMIZDAT* such as that which led the heroic resistance of the Russian people against Communism would be created to lead the struggle against collectivism in Great Britain. Experience gained in the 1975 referendum campaign taught us that *Samizdat* is both feared and hated by our own dear British comrades.

A factor in our thinking about the *Permanent Plebiscite* was the overcoming of the paranoia, jealousy distinctions without a difference and fratricidal strife which has long vitiated the Resistance. As a deliberate contradiction of the dogma that members once gained by a group or a journal, must be kept in ignorance of any rival, and therefore denied *CHOICE*, we took the view that our readers have a right to know of the existence of other groups and journals and a right to choose, or refuse, whom to support. That is Social Credit.

A criticism, and it is one which we have weighed, is that *SAMIZDAT* provides the "enemy" with information. That is true, but what is the alternative, and will he not get it anyway if it is of any importance? If a group is formed, an *ad hoc* committee set up, or a journal launched, it presumably requires members or readers if it is to fulfil its purpose? How is it to get them? How is it to achieve its purpose? Let us be clear, there is absolutely no point in getting so far underground that nobody knows you exist.

LOCAL OBJECTIVES & LIMITED OBJECTIVES

"There is I think one safe rule to apply to all Schemes, Plots and Plans.... enquire, 'What are you going to do to me and how do I stop you if I don't like it?.....the power of contracting out is the first and most deadly blow to the Supreme State.....And the root of the matter is - mind your own business, and allow no man to make a business of minding you. Listen, in reason, to what advice seems to be backed by proper experience and ability, and pay no attention to windy Idealism. And then - mind your own business. It is in sore need of your attention.

(C. H. Douglas in "THE BIG IDEA")

" 'I don't know,' he said, 'that I have any particular objection in detail to your excellent scheme of government. My only objection is a quite personal one. It is, if I were asked whether I would belong to it, I should ask first of all, if I was not permitted, as an alternative, to be a toad in a ditch.' " (G. K. Chesterton, in "THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL")

The following article is abstracted from the the "Handbook of the Liverpool Social Credit Society" (the "Anti-Debt League") dated August 1966. It is republished in the belief that it will be of assistance to other journals desiring to promote initiatives among their readers. Once the principle of association and dissociation is grasped, and with a little training there is no reason why every patriot should not be his or her own local "Pure Water" "Abstain," "St. George's Day" campaign, etc etc, and a general thorn in the side of the Collectivists.

ASSOCIATION AND DISSOCIATION

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of Social Credit for the layman to grasp is its principle of Association and Dissociation. indeed the concept presents such difficulties that even many Social Credit Associations fail to incorporate it in their form of being. This is no doubt due to our long immersion in the democratic concept of Majority Rule which is basically a variant of the concept that Might (majority) is Right. It is usually supposed that the alternative to the Democratic concept must be Anarchy, but reflection will show that in fact the Anarchist concept is begotten from a failure to distinguish between the three aspects of Philosophy, Policy and Administration which are common to all associations.

The Social Credit concept of Association may most easily be grasped if we apply it to, say, a cricket team. The members of the team are members because Association enables them to pursue their POLICY - i.e. to play cricket. Membership however is voluntary, which is to say that it arises from a continuous act of the will. But the fact that membership is voluntary does not mean that the game is stopped every ten minutes whilst the players debate a

change of rule – in fact rules are changed far more rarely than laws in a modern Democracy. This singular lack of strife in the game arises from the common philosophy of the players, which in this case is an ethic *SPORTSMANSHIP*. Where it becomes necessary for rules to be changed, perhaps because the development of a new material (e.g. the composition ball) introduces new aspects in the game, the alteration is a matter of Administration and in any matter of dispute it is those who play who vote – no play, no vote. Players may contract out of a particular game, or even form the Game entirely, without further penalty other than the loss of the increments of the Association.

This concept of Association and Dissociation informs the whole policy of Social Credit. It is at once the inspiration of the proposals of the National Dividend – the *ECONOMIC* basis of the power to contract out – and (in the political application of Social Credit) the advocacy of constitutionally limited Government and guaranteed Rights of the subject protected by sovereign courts; as opposed to democratic Government with its lawless majorities.

The evolving Constitution of the League has therefore developed along this basic principle of Social Credit. The member uses the power of the Association to pursue his Social Credit policy. The Association exists to provide a reserve of manpower and resources for the member who conceives of a *PLAN* for advancing Social Credit. Those members who disagree with the objective, or method of the Plan contract out from it, without penalty to their membership. Suffice to say voting as understood in the democratic form of organization is superfluous, since those opposed to any particular measure have already contracted out. Nor is there any election of a *Policy making* Committee, since policy is made by the individuals associating. Administration is carried out by those able and willing to serve.

The nature of Social Credit association, as it has manifested itself in the development of the League, is therefore seen to be a Flow, or a leaven, in the wider society of the Nation. The association, and therefore its increments, expands and contracts in response to the pressures of society upon individuals. Hence the threat of debasement of the currency through debt, of mass medication, of absorption of the Nation into a non-organic Collectivity, produces an equal and opposite reaction which is leavened and made effective by the Social Credit association in the midst of society. Social Credit *ACTIVITY* therefore has a rhythm, there are peaks and nadirs in which activity becomes intense in response to a crisis that is comprehended, but declines as the crisis recedes or is overcome.

The nature of the association's activity is constantly changing with the *NEEDS*

of the associating and dissociating individuals. The task of the Social Credit association is to maintain through the periods of quiescence the organization that will be required by the increased rhythm of the individual's resistance to the forces which seek to impinge upon his freedom when their pressure intensifies, or when they are at last comprehended.

The Harp That Once In Tara's Halls....

"History is the crystalization of Policy" (C. H. Douglas)

"The Irish people..... have steadily refused to turn themselves into a proletariat, whether in the modern industrial phase or in preparation for the final Socialistic phase. The Irish are determined to own." (Hilaire Belloc in "THE ALTERNATIVE")

It is significant that the I.R.A., which had declared an end to armed conflict and dumped its weapons in February 1962, took no part in the "Civil Rights" disorders of 1968. The I.R.A.'s post 1962 c-in-c, Cathal Goulding, had affiliated it to the 3rd International parties and had no intention of becoming involved in a 4th International stratagem. It was evident to L.N.L. also that the *Civil Rights Association* was a 4th International Front, the effective link in the transmission belt being the avowedly Trotskyite *Peoples' Democracy*, and that its purpose was to create civil disorder. It soon became evident that the ultimate target was not Belfast only, but Dublin also. L.N.L. examined this situation in an article in its Jan/Feb 1972 edition which was reprinted in *The Social Crediter and Housewives Today* and republished as a pamphlet by Carraig Books of Dublin. John Biggs-Davison in his book *The Hand is Red* (1973) came to substantially the same conclusions as ourselves.

There is little which need be added to the 1972 article. However it must be reiterated that the green light to the "Civil Rights" campaign was given by Harold Wilson with his Roger Casement gesture. This was represented as Wilson's ambition to be "The Prime Minister who finally solved the Irish Problem." His real intention was to get rid of the Ulster M.P's. There also seems to have been some co-ordination with subversives in the B.B.C.

For an entirely opposite reason to the "Rightist" groups, L.N.L. defended the continuation of partition. Our reason was the defence of the Christian social order of Eire, established by DeValera, against not only a Marxist plot, but also the secularism and liberalism which determines the moral climate of the Six Counties. Undoubtedly there is a better moral, religious and cultural climate in Northern Ireland than there is in Great Britain, but it is also true

that a large percentage of the population is secularist and liberalist.

It is too facile to divide the rest of the population of Northern Ireland into "Catholic" and "Protestant." In Northern Ireland these are political labels as well as religious terms. This was well illustrated by a Presbyterian Minister in a recent t.v. programme who had engaged in talks with the "Protestant" para-militaries. He was told bluntly "Don't bring religion into Protestantism." He made the further point that whilst many Protestant children had been "lost" to secularism he knew of none who had become Catholics; yet Protestants remained oblivious to the greater threat of secularism. The inculcation of liberalist morals and humanist values in state schools is, by the bye, one reason why Catholics in Northern Ireland resist the siren call for "non-denominational" schools.

It must be mentioned with some delicacy, but perhaps the difference in the then moral climates of Eire and Northern Ireland can be illustrated in a cameo. In the mid-'Fifties one of the *Platform* group had reason to visit the Social Credit Secretariat's "Head Office" in Belfast, and felt it opportune to visit Dublin by returning to Liverpool that way. His voyage on the Belfast packet was made unpleasant by a large number of drunken Orangemen singing songs either obscene, blasphemous or aggressive. His voyage home on the Dublin packet was peaceful. Any Irishmen who were merry in their cups, singing the haunting folk songs of Ireland. Perhaps more germane to the point, he could not avoid but note that whilst the public toilets of Belfast were covered in the filth and obscene graffiti to be found in those in Great Britain, the public toilets of Dublin were entirely free of this abomination.

It is probable that a significant percentage of those who call themselves "Protestant" have only the slightest knowledge of Christian doctrine and the variations of it deriving from the Augsburg Confession. Sadly, since VAT 2 it is equally probable that a significant percentage of those who call themselves "Catholic" have only the same rudimentary knowledge. It is these two groups which provide the recruiting grounds of the para-militaries and the I.R.A.

The I.R.A. entered the situation in August 1969 when a fascist attack was launched upon the Catholic population of Belfast. *Peoples' Democracy* strategy had been to exhaust the R.U.C. by continuous "passive resistance" i.e. provoking of riots and civil strife, *before* provoking a Protestant attack. In this the entirely predictable Paisley was a necessary factor in the dialectics of the situation. There were two results of this fascist attack. The first was the commitment of the army and it is possible that the subversives had gained the impression that this would not happen. At this point, with security of persons and properties established, the "B Specials" abolished and the redress of

grievances legislated for, it seemed that the Trotskyite plans had come to naught. The second result therefore followed; the leaving of the I.R.A. of its Trotskyite *entrists* to form the *Provisional I.R.A.* ostensibly to "protect" the Catholic areas of Belfast, already adequately protected by the army. The *Provisionals* had a source of arms and speedily revealed that their real purpose was to renew the "war" against Great Britain, abandoned in 1962. To what extent the I.R.A. is still a 4th International force it is difficult to say. Its leadership has changed several times over the last twenty-five years and it shed its political extreme into the I.N.L.A. some years ago. It is difficult to believe however that if partition ended it would simply disband.

As I.N.L.'s support of Partition was for an exactly opposite reason to that of the "Rightists" – namely the protection of a Christian Democratic state from Liberalist contamination, so our attitude to the Unionists is almost the opposite. It was the Unionist M.P's., in spite of their much trumpeted "loyalty" to the Crown who gave the despicable Heath his majority for the Common Market. After one of their leaders had stated that they would probably vote for the Government in the division which could have rejected the Maastricht Treaty, *The Gild of St. George* wrote urging him against this course. The letter argued that here was an historic opportunity for the Unionist party to save both the Crown and the Union from subordination to Brussels, and it pointed out that the development of the "European Union" would render the border with Eire meaningless. In the event the Unionist M.P's. gave Major his majority and voted for that subordination; something which can never be forgiven them. An extremely discourteous reply was received from the M.P. in question, to the effect that he was sick of people in Great Britain trying to "use" Ulster and the Unionists. What it revealed was that the Unionist M.P's. do not regard themselves as what in fact they are – *representatives of the Commons of Great Britain and Northern Ireland*, but rather as delegates of a province, and even of a particular interest in that province, with no interest beyond that province. Some days later one of them appeared on T.V. to opine that "Now we are in the E.U. we must make sure that Ulster gets its share of the Eurocash." There always was the suspicion that their loyalty was not to the Crown but to the half-crown. After their Maastricht treason it is evident that it has been transferred to the half-Ecu.

However the Unionists are not alone in venality. In Dublin *Fianna Fail* is eager to abandon a sovereignty regained by six centuries of honour and courage in return for its "share" of filthy Euro-lucre. Nor is the moral and religious climate of Eire what it was in 1969. The cancer of liberalist morality and indifferentist belief has eaten into the Irish soul. If, as seems the case, the Ireland of saints and scholars has embraced the false maxims of the world, is there any further point in the border?

Here's a Toast to Og!

C. Le Canth

It's obvious when you think about it: somebody had to be the first. But what strikes one now is the sheer injustice of it all. Because which of us today knows, or even gives a damn about, who he or she was? What credit do we ever give them for what they achieved?

We can only guess at what their name might have been - Og, or Ag, something like that, in an age when monosyllables were more than adequate to identify oneself. That person made an indelible and lasting mark on the development of human society. But will you find their name listed in the pantheon of so-called "greats" - up there with the Platos, Homers, Caesars, Napoleons, Newtons, Einsteins, Archers? Not a chance.

In fact each of these was no more than a pygmy compared with Og or Ag. (Let's settle for Og, shall we, simply for convenience). It comes down to the basic fact that Og is one of the great unsung heroes of history. Og it was who blazed the trail, took the risks, put his health - his very life - on the line, just so that today we, who don't even remember his name, can enjoy a lifestyle of comfort and comparative luxury that he could never even have dreamed about.

Picture the scene, a mere 50 or so million years ago. Hunger gnaws. There's food out there somewhere. But exactly where? Look at all that vegetation - plants, trees, flowers, grasses - why, a veritable cornucopia beckons.... if only one knew which of it was actually edible.

What Og faces here is an exercise of trial and error on a truly daunting scale. Does he go on looks? That pink flower (he calls it a "rose" for want of a better name, probably because it looks like a rose) should taste delicious. But one bite, and the next half-hour spent removing the thorns from the roof of his mouth, leads to it being stricken permanently from life's menu. It's the same with all these pretty-looking plants: they might smell good, but taste-wise they're nothing. Either that or they make you sick.

That ugly plant, on the other hand, the one that barely rises above the ground, with its crude green leaves nibbled ragged at the edges by the insects, proves quite nourishing, despite being rather cabbage-tasting. Yes, that's a definite plus. But can we imagine how many months, years of experimentation took place before he was desperately driven to try that one? (Rhubarb, in particular, must have caused some heart-searching, not to say stomach-retching. What a relief it must have

**In allocating Og to the male gender, it is hereby certified that no reflection is implied or intended on the primary and crucial role of woman in the development of mankind - sorry, humankind, and this article stands firmly and squarely for the right of women to be considered in every way equal if not superior to man in all fields of human endeavour and achievement. ©Feminism is Fun - And it's Slimming Too!*

been that day when the blinding realisation came to Og, or maybe Mrs Og, that it was the *stalks* that you made the pie from, rather than those lavish green leaves).

Hey, he says to Mrs Og one day, here's an idea: how about looking *beneath* the ground? Yes, we're talking roots here, and all right, maybe they do look grubby and the soil does stick to them a bit, but so what? This starvation thing makes you game to try anything once. There follows many a false start, of course. But very gradually Og builds up his list, with carrots, swedes, parsnips - yes, roots definitely have a future in this new-fangled civilisation of ours.

It would have been one of Og's many descendants who brought a degree of sophistication to the actual preparation of food. Which of them was the oddity, for instance, who worked through all the many grasses in the world before finding one whose seeds could be ground down, the husks discarded, the remaining powder mixed with water to make a paste, then put in a container and baked? What must have been the reaction when he offered the resultant product to his relatives, who had long regarded Uncle Ig as being a few turves short of a barrow? And which one of Ig's descendants took it a step further, burned his hands holding a piece of this stuff close enough to the fire for it to become scorched, and then had the nerve to hail the result as a delicacy? Calling it, of all things, "toast"?

To maintain these were the pioneers of our so-called civilisation, and, like so many true pioneers, their achievements have been largely overlooked by historians. They had no-one to guide them in coming to terms with the world in which they found themselves. This was something they had to work out for themselves, risking everything on the chance of one coloured berry being less lethal than another. How fortunate we are today, that they bequeathed to us the results of their valiant quest for the edible. (Not to mention the Sainsburys and Tesco's of our modern world, whose untold wealth owes everything to a person who would have been forcibly ejected by security men if he even tried to set a bare foot in one of their stores).

It wasn't only a matter of food, either. The family unit, once it became established, must have felt the need for some kind of pet to complete the picture of domestic bliss. How many unfortunate experiences must there have been in the nursery with bears, crocodiles and vultures before the choice was narrowed down to certain specific strains of the cat, wolf and canary families?

Let us therefore pay tribute to these, our forbears, who somehow won through, overcoming hazards and unpleasantness of various kinds, and who passed on their collective wisdom and knowledge through the centuries to reach us.

How bewildered - and envious - Og would be to see inside a 1994 kitchen, with its food processors, its refrigerators, its microwaves, its electronic gadgets of every conceivable kind.

And how even more bewildered he would be to find this kitchen empty of people... because, in this summer afternoon of the late 20th century, the people are outside the house, dressed in skimpy clothing, gathered round in a hungry, salivating group, while they watch pieces of raw animal flesh being scorched over a charcoal fire.

QUEEN OF SUBURBS

Roy Kerridge

There is always an excitement in going to a frontier, a last post of civilization or the outer limit of an empire. As I boarded a gleaming vehicle, I felt the magnetic thrill of the Unknown. For the first time in my life I would be travelling to the furthest point westward ever reached by London Transport's Central Line - Ealing Broadway. Here the Central Line ends and *Terra Incognita* begins.

My silver train emerged from the ground, and I rode in autumnal sunshine past rows and rows of late Victorian villas. When Ealing was built up, at the end of the 19th century, it was known as the "Queen of the Suburbs." Some compared it to Belgravia (another place I don't know very well.)

The first thing I saw, as I emerged from the station, was an old taxi driver's cabin, on the edge of flat grassland crossed by avenues of golden trees. This was Haven Green, where brilliantly white seagulls were standing among the pigeons. Crossing the Green, I admired leafy Gordon Road, then turned left towards the main shopping street, or Broadway.

I was amazed at the opulence of Ealing. I felt Harrod's might be around any corner, but instead I found the Waterglade Centre, with tropical plants in the windows, and across the road, the huge Ealing Broadway Centre, opened by the Queen in 1985. Glossy avenues of delicatessens, perfume shops and handbag specialists radiated around an indoor fountain, beneath shining jagged spires of mirror glass. The effect was slightly spoiled by a few unkempt Asian youths with cigarette-smoking girlfriends sitting on the rim of the fountain. These harmless if noisy youngsters were the best that gentle Ealing could supply in the way of yobboes. All the People of London - Cockneys, Caribbeans, Indians and Chinese - passed by in well-dressed array. (Irish and small children seemed noticeably missing.) Ealing Man was born to shop.

Arrows pointed to the Town Square, an open courtyard within the Centre. High-backed wooden seats surrounded rows of young trees. A small boy (at last!) was climbing upon life-like bronze figures of a young couple with two bronze children frozen in mid-play. Above me, towering in barbaric splendour, were huge edifices of red brick, and a wooden round tower of dark Tudor design. I didn't know what to make of the Centre, but I couldn't dislike

it. Quick to scent a bookshop, I scurried into Claude Gill's, one of a row of shops that supported the glass domes and balconies of Muswell's Cafe Bar. When I had tired of browsing in "Garfield the Cat," I left the Centre, at the corner of the High Street, by Lilley and Skinner's. With the great grey parish church of Christ the Saviour at my back, I walked on to yet another park, Ealing Green.

Here the dimensions of the shops surrounding the Green were homely and Edwardian. My eye was caught by the brash advertising of Crust's Restaurant. *Diet Free Zone, the billboards read. Try Our Superb Pies. Attention all Health Freaks - Keep Out!*

Earlier that day, at Kilburn I had seen a sign outside a butcher's shop, beneath a dummy butcher with a cleaver: *If You Shoplift We Will Chop Your Hands Off.*

Architecture is improving, but it seems the New Brutalism has shifted to advertising.

Dusk approached, as I walked along Uxbridge Road on the edge of Ealing Common. Dark trees loomed in the gloaming, suggesting hangmen and highwaymen along this old coach road. A white milestone, marked "Ealing Parish," told me that it was six miles to London and nine miles to Uxbridge. All the hedgeless lanes across the Common were lined with parked cars, ghostly in the growing darkness. Finally I reached the impassable barrier of the roaring North Circular Road. Beyond lay Acton. I retraced by steps to the silent, faintly melancholy residential streets behind the Broadway.

On the corner of Windsor Road, I discovered the *Polish Catholic Church in Ealing*, dedicated to *Our Lady, Mother of the Church*. Adjoining the church was a Polish Social Centre and the Home of the Marian Fathers. I rang the bell, and was admitted by a gentle, timid nun, an elderly lady who spoke not a word of English. She went to find help, leaving me to admire a faded oil painting of Virgin and Child. A solemn saint-like young lady with long hair returned with the nun, and told me that the church was locked.

"I was born in England of Polish parents," she told me gravely. "Here in Ealing we have the largest Polish Community in the United Kingdom."

She reassured the anxious nun in what seemed to be perfect Polish and I slipped away in the night.



CRIMETHINK II

A. Anderson

Underlying the unease expressed in *Crimethink I*, is a feeling that the vulnerability of the native English is far greater than that of the Scots, the Irish or the Welsh. For the English, despite what was said earlier about the robust nature of English culture, such vulnerability resides in the language of the English. A language which is not only turning into a world language but is also a boon to every ex-colonial rag-tag and bobtail who can utter such rewarding shibboleths as "social security," "discrimination" and "rights."

For the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh, whose distant cultural roots are safeguarded by language, it is language which is the most definite protector of the culture it expresses. That they do not yet feel sufficiently threatened by the antics of the English is itself an indication of the general laxity with which they uphold the practice of speaking their own native tongue. In the days when the English took a more active role in seeking the destruction of the Celtic inhabitants of these islands, there was no such laxity. Perhaps it will take another invasion, this time from further afield, to concentrate their minds on using the ancient tongue to keep the barbarian from where he plainly has no business.

HAMLET

Geofrey Fleetwood

There have been more books written on Shakespeare's *Hamlet* than on any other work of literature. The play is an enigma of layered ambiguity. Is Hamlet insane, or pretending insanity? Was Ophelia's insanity caused by her grief for her father or by her grief for Hamlet whom she believes to be dead? T.S. Eliot has suggested that the enigma of the play lies in its lack of an *Objective Correlative* - "Hamlet (the man) is dominated by an emotion which is inexpressible because it is in excess of the facts as they appear." Eliot concludes that the play is therefore an artistic failure.

Few would agree with Eliot's conclusion, since the play manifestly releases powerful emotions, a "Purging of pity and of terror" which Arthur Miller defines as the essence of tragedy. However Eliot has put his finger on the

central ambiguity. We the audience see the set of relations centred upon Hamlet through the eyes of Hamlet, and seen from that standpoint there is something going on to which we are not privy.

What I wish to suggest here is that the play does have an *Objective Correlative*, that is "a situation, a chain of events, which shall be the formulae of that particular emotion," though we must know where to look for it. We may begin with the enigma itself: Hamlet's Kafkaesque bewilderment "in excess of the facts as they appear." Sensitized by his father's death, his mother's re-marriage and Ophelia's rejection, Hamlet feels that everyone knows something which he does not know, is convinced that everybody is talking about him, that he is being manipulated. And that is the conviction communicated to us since we are seeing the set of relations through his eyes. Hamlet like most adolescents is ashamed of his parents. He is shamed by his mother remarrying. He is shamed by his father dying whilst he was away at Wittenburg. He is shamed by his uncle and finally he is shamed by rejection, and all these things people know more about than he does! In short *Hamlet* is a tragedy of shame, as *Julius Caesar* is a tragedy of character, *Othello* a tragedy of sexual jealousy and *MacBeth* a tragedy of guilt.

The play opens with Horatio's assurance that there is something rotten in the State of Denmark and we ought to note that guarded information since it is our first clue that we are not going to know any more than Hamlet. Hamlet relates the decay which he senses in the frenzied toasting and absurd canonading of every trivial remark, to the public revelling of his mother and uncle. It disgusts him. It would have disgusted him in any event, since shame renders one prurient, but the open display of delight paralyses his thought, drives him to a corner of the court from which, only at the end of business, is he plucked, unwillingly, by the king's attention. Hamlet is isolated by shame. It is this shame which empties his actions of potency, which deprives of purpose all courses - he would go to Wittenburg, but the matter is not worth pressing. Later he would kill the king, but to what point? Hamlet is paralysed because his orientation to life, based upon the child's conviction that its parents exist for it, has been shattered under a double blow. And all this is public, all who move about him know of it, and know more than he does, are so many rasping saws across his high strung sensibilities. The paralysing poison in his thought makes the whole court his enemies; all intrude upon him, all touch his mind as a loathsome moth might touch his face in a darkened room. In his sensitized imagination those he moves among are either embarrassed by him or fester with a soiling sympathy, whilst he the injured, now, with the perspicacity of outraged innocence, sees through it all, sees Ophelia as shallow, Polonius as a "foolish prating knave," Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as venal time-servers, his mother as a vain and idle creature of comfort and the king as a villain;

sees all men as "things rank and gross in nature."

This inaction of revulsion that Hamlet's first soliloquy reveals, is not uncommon, but it affects the finer sensibility more deeply:

"Heaven and earth must I remember? /..... Let me think not on 't," followed by a persistent and ever more morbid probing

"O most wicked speed to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets." Hamlet, like Hieronymus in *The Spanish Tragedy* is incapable of accepting the good advice to "Seek not means so to increase thy sorrow." Equally his sensitivity makes him powerless to purge his mind in action. A coarser person with paucity of words to generate thought would have struck out, but Hamlet is left with the weak "It is not nor it cannot come to good." Which, save for the lack of rage, is almost as pathetic as Lear's: "I will have such revenges on you both / That all the world shall - I will do such things - / What they are yet I know not."

Ophelia might have saved Hamlet, if she had been stronger; given him a new faith in human felicity, but rather she adds to his wrongs for without explanation she withdraws, avoids him and repels his letters, denies him the opportunity to justify himself, *and again he does not know why*. The ghost provides, at least presently, an explanation. Disgusted the ghost's revelations are to be no explanation of why others do not conform to our expectations of them, but for the moment they renew the springs of action in Hamlet. Hamlet has this in common with Lear, that like the latter he wishes to assume the world, thwarted, hurt and hiding in the womb of a corner of the court, he is now released; but released along a narrow and narrowing course. He lacks proof to justify before men the slaughter of the king, but a feigned madness can provide escape. Such feigning is a useful weapon in transferring hurt to others, and Polonius is an obvious target. The arrival of the players offers the possibility of trapping the king into an admission of guilt, and so justifying Hamlet in his assassination. Bewilderment in Hamlet is being replaced by bitterness, but even bitterness restores a coherence of sorts to the world.

The second soliloquy considers death and suicide, but it is altogether of a different tenor than the lament of the first soliloquy. "To be or not to be" is so clearly the language of scholastic philosophy that there can be no doubt that what follows is the disputation of the Wittenburg student upon the nice points of the matter - the metaphors from Law and Government are in striking contrast to the direct lacerating recollections of the first soliloquy.

Hamlet is able to think again, albeit with the morbid clarity of the mind that has survived but not outlived rejection. The thought now is directed thought, balanced in itself, but still a treadmill leading inevitably to the same point of

non-escape. Hamlet must yet justify himself to men and to himself. Justification comes in three phases. Ophelia, weakly accepting a dishonourable task, delivers herself into Hamlet's hands. It is perhaps small matter, but Oh the joy with which Hamlet must have said, "No, not I, I never gave you aught." With which he revealed to her not only her triviality, but his awareness of it? "Where's your father?" and with which he rejects her, "To a nunnery, go."

The play within the play is of the utmost importance in the process of the purging of Hamlet's mind. It is not simply that through the play Hamlet obtains proof of the king's guilt. Through the play Hamlet exposes the king to the court. He exposes the king to his mother. Hamlet justifies himself before men. Finally Hamlet purges all that has festered in his mind; shame and abhorrence are transferred to his mother and he is set free. He drags away the body of Polonius light of heart. The infection of his thought is discharged and it is as something of a shock that he is recalled to the *duty* of revenge.

"How all occasions do inform against me / and spur my dull revenge." The rest of this soliloquy is an argument *against* his new frame of mind, and a listing of the social obligations which require him to kill the king. Revenge is no longer a *need*, but a duty and we may suspect, an imposition. It is the passing of the need, the purging of horror and revulsion, that is the reason for the absence of soliloquies after Act IV. Hamlet returns from England with a calm mind. He will kill Claudius, he assures Horatio, but he is detached about it. He has his proof, Claudius' commission for his own death and having this proof he is changed from "Young Hamlet" into Hamlet the *DANE!* Now he will act as the Prince, destroying an enemy of the state.

Hamlet has undergone a transformation. He has assimilated the experience which destroyed his world and has come to terms with the separate existences of others; no longer does he try to structure them into his own projection upon the world. Hamlet has developed a new dimension of personality. It is a dimension of sufficiency and confidence in which he accepts the asymmetric relationships of others to himself. Hamlet has lost his innocence, has lost

"the hour / of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,"
but that is the price of maturity.

The play is an enigma to us because the set of relations centred upon Hamlet are an enigma to him. This is the central fact of the play, developed through the soliloquies and climaxing in his cry, "O, I could tell you -" The *form* of the play - Hamlet as centre of the set of relations - communicates to us *concretely* the psychology of adolescent shame and the latter is the Objective Correlative. If we are in a state of confusion about the events within that set as seen from the centre, it is because adolescent shame *is* confusion. In short the *form* of the play dramatizes what it is about. And the rest is silence.

CARMINA BURANA AT THE PROMS

Dermott Hy Nial

As the result of an impressive T.V. production, circa 1976, Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* enjoyed a surge of popularity. The *Carl Orff Method* of teaching music, in which children create music by the spontaneous discovery of the atavistic rhythm of their racial unconscious, is widely used with spectacular results in primary schools. It ought therefore to have occasioned no surprise that *Carmina Burana* (minus the choreography) was featured in *The Last Night of the Proms*. It is after all an exciting and powerful composition. Fantastically however the B.B.C. deemed it necessary to introduce the music with a lengthy *Apologia* on the theme "Was Carl Orff a Nazi?" Who was this special pleading directed at, and who was it intended to mollify? What a relief however to be re-assured that Orff was *NOT* one of *those*, even though his music was "a godsend" to the Nazis.

We were not given the slightest evidence that Hitler regarded *Carmina Burana* as a "godsend" or indeed, that he regarded it at all. From his known views on the arts he may well have considered it dangerously "Modern," to be tolerated only because it was a setting of Medieval German songs. Certainly it was Richard Strauss, not Orff, whom Hitler considered the true heir to Wagner. Not until the end of the *Apologia* did someone say something relevant to the question of *Ars Musica*. I paraphrase: "Probably," it was said, "Orff 'tuned into' the ethos of the time, and interpreted it in music." Precisely! That is the business of the artist, to be, as Larkin was described, "The dark mirror of his Age." It is probably the case that Orff, like Leni Riefenstahl in the prologue of her film of the 1936 Olympics, said more than he knew in *Carmina Burana*, a great deal more than he knew.

Carmina Burana consists of a disjointed series of strongly rhythmic choruses, in which, contrary to our European tradition, melody is reduced to the rudimentary; interspersed by lyrical solos. Except for the final repetition of the opening theme, there are no recurring themes, therefore no thematic unity, and hence no overall structure either "classical" or "architectural." (The unifying element revived by "Modernism" circa 1890 - 1950.) What we have then is a pastiche of melodies, interrupting an inexorable rhythmic expression. The work synthesises a remorseless energy and a fundamental pessimism into an exuberant anarchy; an anarchy which denies the supremacy of the Intellect, of rational life and ordered conduct. That is to say it is an interpretation, not of

Nazism, but of that same Spirit of which Nazism was an expression and a particular application; that Spirit which was unleashed in its smiling infancy by the Romantic Movement. The Spirit, which as Chesterton observed in *Orthodoxy*, ends in drinking bull's blood, and remains arrogantly unaware that, "Joy, which was the small publicity of the pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian."

OUR FLAT EARTH

Geoffrey Fleetwood

As the retiring editor said to me, "It wouldn't be *Liverpool Newsletter* without *Our Flat Earth*!" So here is my offering for the last edition of the old regime (Hint, hint, nudge, nudge to the new editor!)

ARM TO THE TEETH

I am in no position to judge the truth or otherwise of the allegations made against Colonel Cedras of Haiti, though he looks a calm and military sort of man to me. Nor am I in a position to judge on the truth or otherwise of the accusations of atrocious murders made against Aristide, though he is a Marxist, AND all Marxist saviours to-date have been murderers. What *DOES* seem beyond dispute is that any country which has a government of which the U.S.A. liberal establishment disapproves should heed Douglas' advice: "Arm to the teeth."

IDEAS FOR THE DESTITUTE

Will anyone take up L.N.L.'S. suggestion for Yurropflag toilet rolls and doormats? Mr. E. A. Woods seems inventive in that line.

By the way, the Yurropflag is so designed that it cannot be flown upside down. Is this a "Neswspeak" device to prevent distress signals? A good point for letters to local press and radio.

Isn't it incredible, the way in which we have supinely allowed Brussels to dictate how we set our clocks? Forget all dispute about more safe/less safe, etc., etc., this is an imposition by the Occupying Power and it ought to be resisted. What an opportunity for all the anti-E.U. groups and such parties as *New Britain* and the *U.K.I.P.* to form a standing conference and make this a big issue. And if the nationally famous vice-chairmen of the C.I.B. can't get their party whips permission to join in; then leave them out.

Everything said above applies with equal force to V.A.T. on fuel. This is an E.U. Tax, and should be resisted.

I AM ONLY ONE

Following the liberation of Russia in 1991 there has been a great splintering of the Left. The result is an avalanche of new journals. (No doubt

subsidized by your taxes or your T.U. subs.) The thing to do with any you get hold of is simply to put them in an envelope and post to:

"Legal Deposit Office, The British Library, Boston Spa, Wetherby, YORKSHIRE, LS23 7BY"

Once received they will be registered and the computer will send to the publisher regular demands for copies of each issue. Failure or refusal to supply legal deposit copies can result in a hefty fine. - *I Can Only Do What One Can Do.*

Still on the subject of the Mail, how many I wonder follow L.N.L.'s suggestion of using the pre-paid envelopes in junk mail to send back leaflets. You never know - someone may become interested in our case: - *But What ONE Can do, I WILL do.*

HITLER IS DEAD

From circa 1952 on, the German generals began to publish their war-memoirs. All had one thing in common: they lost their battles because of Hitler's interference with strategy. In short, if it hadn't been for Hitler the German generals would have won the war. Well Hitler is dead; the Generals won't be hamstrung by him next time. Yes, next time! I watch the growth of German power in the E.U. with trepidation and the conviction that our grandchildren, if not our children, will have to fight the European war for a fourth time: 1870, 1914, 1939, 20? The scenario is not difficult to see. German power grows and grows until some country, perhaps France, cries

"Stop!" Only then it will be too late. As in the 1930's, the politicians have already atrophied our sinews of war to buy the votes of the idle and the feckless and to ingratiate themselves with liberalist opinion. There is only one way for Great Britain to avoid bloody involvement, and that is to get out of the United States of Europe *before* secession becomes a *casus belli*.

CULTURE SHOCK

A scholarly paper on the psychological and destabilizing effects of large scale foreign settlement upon an indigenous population has been written by Mr. Kenneth Roden, an Arabist and student of Islam. Although dealing specifically with the unassimilable Asian settlement of Great Britain, it is applicable to the study of settlement anywhere. A copy of the paper can be obtained from "Half Open Eye," Flint House, 30 Clifton Rd. Worthing, Sussex, BN11 4DP, for 4x19p stamps.

WITHOUT COMMENT

"Once that process becomes active it threatens to undermine *all the efforts made over a century to turn Britain into a contented multi-ethnic, multi-cultural society*. The herculean work performed by so many ethnic and religious groups, including Jews, to draw communities together could gradually be undone and our nation could become fragmented." (Kaufman in the *Daily Mail* of 24/9/94. *Italics mine.*)

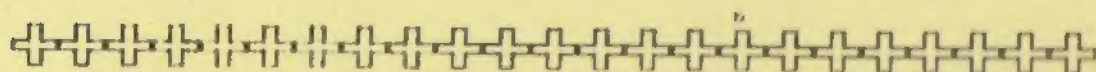
++++
ST. GEORGE'S DAY PETITION;
Please return to NEW BRITAIN by 30th Nov.94

from the Editor

It now only remains to me to thank you all for your many years of support and to commend the new Editor, Mr. Kevin Aspen to you, in the hope that you will support him by renewing your subscription promptly, giving him the moral boost which is so vital in the editing of a small magazine.

With my good wishes to you all

Anthony Cooney.





G.K. Chesterton